

Tonopah Bonanza.

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NO. 5.

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Livery Stable
Belmont, Nev. **Jake Clow, Prop.**

This popular and well-known stable, established in 1879, still continues to do business at the old stand. Only horses that are accustomed to the mountain travel, strong rigs and expert drivers are sent from these stables. Parties coming from Tonopah to the County Seat and entrusting their stock to me will be satisfied with the treatment.

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FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

Below is published the oration of Mr. Robert Gordon, delivered in Tonopah on July 4th, 1901.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: One hundred and twenty-five years have passed away since the Declaration of Independence was first read to the American people. One hundred and twenty-five years that have been fraught with changes that have chronicled the downfall and building up of empires, the remodeling of governments, the certain rapid advancement of mankind and the opening of a progressive era such as the world never before knew.

When we turn the pages of history back to that eventful time when that ever living declaration was made known to the world; when it was hurled by a mere handful of liberty loving men directly in the face of British power and arrogance, the American heart swells with emotion and bounds with eternal gratitude toward those sturdy patriotic beings who vouchsafed us the inestimable liberties we enjoy to-day.

No human mind I care not how fertile it may be, can faithfully portray the awful surrounding of that historical time. Imagine a country thinly populated, without an exchequer, limited resources, surrounded by a savage foe that never knew a semblance of pity or an iota of humanity, without a single ray of light penetrating the gloomy sea of doubt; declaring war against the proudest monarch of the earth aided by his merciless ally the American Indian, then some idea of the immensity of the undertaking can be conceived.

Even the announcement of that declaration was in itself a movement of momentous magnitude and unquestionably gave birth to serious doubts in the minds of its bold promulgators regarding its reception by a monarchial world.

Little did the dauntless Patrick Henry realize when with his hand raised toward heaven, his noble soul fairly bounding with its load of patriotic sin, he gave utterance to those memorable words so engraved upon every American heart, "I know not what action others may take in this great matter but as for me, give me liberty or give me death," that he was sounding the keynote of American independence and laying the foundation for the building of the grandest government beneath the broad blue canopy of heaven.

The die was cast and from backwoods homes and country hamlets, from towns and cities poured forth a stream of brave humanity determined to worship at liberties shrine or die in the attempt.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon that long, hard struggle so familiar to every school boy in the land, the fears and doubts were trampled under foot by a deep set determination to conquer and after seven years of bloodshed and slaughter the sunshine of victory broke through the clouds of war and as they drifted away there in the golden sunlight of heaven, its bright folds given to the breeze waved the starry emblem of American liberty and independence.

The grand old democratic idea of self government inculcated in the human family long before the days of Christ had triumphed here and the original thirteen colonies were to write the first pages of its history.

Quietly that little army of campaign worn men disbanded, again was the plow taken up, the workshops of the country opened and peace and tranquility hovered over the new born republic.

Westward the star of empire took its march, crossing the Alleghenies it floated over the fertile valleys of

the middle west; homes were growing up everywhere, towns and cities were springing into existence as if by magic all over the broad expanse of territory drained by the Mississippi or washed by the lakes.

The prosperity everywhere prevalent was, however, doomed to interruption. The jewel was too great to sacrifice without another effort and again the tocsin of war was sounded, again the same old enemy wended his way to our shores and once more was our peaceful prosperous land convulsed by war.

The old revolutionary spirit was burning brightly, we had tasted the fruits of liberty and would defend it at every cost, every hazard. General Jackson behind cotton bales at New Orleans and Commodore Perry with his dug outs on Lake Erie taught them that liberty was priceless treasure and that it would be triumphantly defended even against the combined efforts of the monarchial world.

Peace being declared that same old unsullied flag waving proudly over the land, enterprise followed with alacrity the receding steps of war and prosperity perched itself above us in letters as fixed as the stars in heaven.

The west and south west became the mecca for the home seeker, states were being carved out, stars added to the flag and the little republic rocked in the cradle of pride and patriotism was developing into a nation of giant proportions feared and envied by christendom. The phenomenal growth of our agricultural and mechanical industries demanded cheaper and more rapid highways to market and railroad construction became an exciting and beneficial epoch. These great arteries of trade were reaching out in every direction. Like a mammoth octopus gathering from the wheat fields and workshops the products of toil to drop them into the capacious maw of commerce.

Our Mexican troubles in conjunction with the discovery of gold in California turned the faces of adventurous mankind toward the shores of the placid Pacific, and ox teams commenced their slow and dangerous trip across the Indian populated plains of the far west. From every portion of our broad domain human beings allured thither by a love of gain were flocking toward the new Eldorado to share in the golden harvest and aid in the building up of an empire lashed by an occidental ocean. California, Oregon, Idaho, Colorado and Silver bound Nevada, were pouring their fabulous golden wealth into the spacious and endless channels of finance and as if touched by the magic wand the occident was rapidly becoming the great theatre of industry and advancement. An empire was thus formed of chaos and the Monte Christo output of precious metals was lubricating the heavy wheels of commerce all over the Union. Our flag was floating from the mast of vessels upon every sea and our cereals and the products of American toil were being transported over trackless oceans to every country and every clime.

In the midst of this prosperity when ambition and enterprise were marching hand in hand when the whole civilized world was gazing with admiration and envy upon our phenomenal advancement off toward the South arose a cloud of discontent, gradually growing denser and denser until restraint passed its boundaries and civil war with all its horrors burst forth upon us. The venuses that produced the trouble and the struggle itself are upon the wings of time and being carried down at rapidly receding past never to return and to that epoch in our history pa-

triotism extends the charity of silence. Annually the little mounds scattered over the country marking the last resting places of those who fell in the great struggle are smothered beneath a bed of flowers, the blue and the gray alike.

This sad interruption clogged for a time the wheels of progress only to give them renewed impetus and we bounded forward with the momentum of a falling meteor. Our previous advancement dwindled into insignificance when compared with the giant strides we were then and are now making. The old stage line across the almost boundless plains gave way to the iron horse and, from the tranquil shores of the proud Pacific to the pine-clad hills of Maine, from the pure cold waters of the lakes to the surging tropical waters of the gulf industry alone held sway, and the great pulse of progress, called enterprise, was throbbing with the energy of an unfettered mastodon bidding defiance to everything in its broad and unlimited pathway.

Nothing could stem the crushing, inevitable unconquerable march of progress and viewing even with the the most conservative organs the wonderful and unequalled progress everywhere prevalent it appears as though the gods of fortune and the strong and guiding hand of omnipotence had protected and directed the course of the great western republic. Could those gallant heroes of the revolution, like Lazarus of old, emerge from their dusty and sacred sepulchers and view the astounding panorama of national greatness that to-day presents itself they would say with rapture, thy heritage will prove infinite.

True, mistakes have been made in the arrangement of governmental affairs as has ever been the case since the creation of man, but notwithstanding these mistakes and the application of experimental ideas that have proved detrimental we live to-day, my fellow citizens, under the most sublime and progressive government beneath the pale blue sky.

The grand success of a government of the people, by the people and for the people has had its effect and the born rulers of the old world are awakening to the realization that monarchialism will sooner or later be relegated to the past and that democracy must rule the universe.

Here there is no limit to one's ambition, no law that says, so far shalt thou go and no farther. The broad field open to man's energy and ambition is as boundless as the realms of space. The poorest boy who fires a cracker on this glorious 4th can fill the highest office within the gift of the American people if he possesses the energy to lead him in that direction. Mothers are to-day fondling the little babes who are to become the illustrious men and women of the Western Republic.

In that grand galaxy of celebrated men the whole world over, around those whom cling and cluster like the mistletoe the noblest habiliments of greatness were reared in backwoods homes on the western hemisphere.

Like the pilgrims of old following the star of Bethlehem the downtrodden, monarchial ruled people of the universe are secretly worshipping the star of Liberty and though it may be scarcely discernable, it will grow in brilliancy as time moves on until it bursts forth into the dazzling splendor of the noonday sun.

From all portions of the globe emanating from the hearts of subjects who know no law but dictation and strict obedience given to the winds that play in space come deep and fervent prayers for the perpetuity of a country that acknowledges no supremacy but God.

All over this broad land on this glorious Fourth streaming from housetop and flagstaff seemingly cognizant of its grand significance floats the American flag.

There may it remain floating majestically over a self ruled and advancing people until the wheels of time cease their motion and the Universe falls with it into oblivion.

Send the BONANZA to your friends.

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